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Title: The Black Swan

Author: Herself  
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She was a gentle  
creature, light of bone  
and silken feathers that  
were at one with the  
wind.

Soaring through clouds,  
and on occasion staying

afloat through the warm  
spring rains, she grew  
stronger.

The occasional dragon  
rushed by, huffing and  
puffing billowing smoke,  
and sometimes attempted  
to make a swift move to  
catch her in his mouth  
as he dove near.

So far, she had been able  
to avoid that encounter.

She lived a simple life,  
and was unaware that she  
was different in any way  
from the others who had  
nests near the edge of  
the river.

Until.....  
The large drake with the  
red and orange feathers  
on his wings began to  
build his nest nearby.

He watched her, and when  
she left her nest he  
would fly very quietly to  
hers, helping himself to  
bits and pieces of  
flotsom from her nest.

Now... building a safe,  
comfortable nest was not  
an easy task, and she  
had labored long and hard

to make it strong.  
Hiding it as she had, it  
was safe from the  
preying eyes of most.

But not the drake.